

The Enterprise.

VOL. 10.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1904.

NO. 1.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.
6:02 A. M. Daily.
7:26 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.
8:30 A. M. Daily.
2:25 P. M. Daily.
5:03 P. M. Daily.
5:54 P. M. Daily.
7:12 P. M. Daily.

SOUTH.
5:45 A. M. Daily.
7:32 A. M. Daily.
8:33 A. M. Daily.
4:05 P. M. Daily.
7:02 P. M. Daily.
7:33 P. M. Daily.
8:01 A. M. Daily. (Theatre train.)

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

TIME TABLE

Leave Fifth and Market Sts., S. F.	Leave San Mateo
6:00 a. m.	5:30 a. m.
Every one-half hour thereafter to 6:30 p. m.	Every one-half hour thereafter to 7:00 p. m.
7:30 " "	8:00 "
8:30 " "	9:00 "
9:30 " "	10:00 "
10:30 " "	11:00 "
11:30 " "	12:00 "
	12:42 a. m.

TIME TABLE

South San Francisco R. R. & Power Co.

Leave Holy Cross	Leave Packing House
5:30 a. m.	6:30 a. m.
Every one-half hour thereafter to 4:30 p. m.	Every one-half hour thereafter to 4:30 p. m.
4:30 " "	4:30 " "
5:30 " "	5:35 " "
5:55 " "	6:14 " "
6:30 " "	7:00 " "
7:30 " "	8:00 " "
8:30 " "	9:00 " "
9:30 " "	10:00 " "
10:30 " "	11:00 " "
11:30 " "	11:58 " "
12:15 a. m.	12:35 a. m.

Cars pass Post Office every thirty minutes, commences before and 12 minutes after the car hours, from 5:42 a. m. to 4:42 p. m.

The last "suburban car," leaving Fifth and Market Sts., S. F., at 11:30 p. m., connects at 12:15 a. m. with last car for South San Francisco.

POST OFFICE.

Post office open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sunday, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAIL ARRIVE.

From the North	A. M.	P. M.
"	6:45	12:05
south	—	12:35

MAIL CLOSES.

North	A. M.	P. M.
6:15	6:55	12:09

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

Methodist Church. Meetings, Butcher's Hall. Sunday Services—Sunday School, 3 p. m.; Epworth League, Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p. m.; preaching 7:30 p. m.

The pastor, Rev. W. de L. Kingsbury will be in town Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1:30 to 5 p. m. Any who may know of sick or distressed neighbors, will please leave word at the residences of Mr. Coombes, Mrs. Bois or Mrs. Sullivan.

Catholic Church Services will be held every Sunday at 9 o'clock a. m. at the Catholic Church.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	Redwood City
G. H. Back	Redwood City
TREASURER	Redwood City
P. Chamberlain	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	Redwood City
M. Granger	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	Redwood City
J. Bullock	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	Redwood City
D. Hayward	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK	Redwood City
H. W. Schaberg	Redwood City
COUNTY RECORDER	Redwood City
John F. Johnston	Redwood City
SHERIFF	Redwood City
H. Mausfeld	Redwood City
AUDITOR	Redwood City
W. Barker	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	Redwood City
Jess Rita M. Tilton	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	Redwood City
A. Crowe	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	Redwood City
B. Gilbert	Redwood City

Three Killed in Train Wreck.

Vicksburg, Miss.—Three men were killed and two severely hurt in a head-on collision between a passenger and freight train on the Yazoo and Mississippi Valley Railroad. The crew of the passenger is said to have overlooked its orders to stop.

Cashier Disappears.

Tullahoma, Tenn.—Allen Parker, cashier of the First National Bank of Tullahoma, is missing and is alleged to be short about \$35,000 in his accounts. Bank Examiner Garrett has taken charge of the books of the bank.

CONDENSED NEWS OF THE PACIFIC COAST

Interesting Occurrences Specially Selected and Boiled Down Into Short Items.

RUSSIAN WRITER VOICES HIS VIEWS OF BUREAUCRACY

Remarkable Article Published In St. Petersburg Blaming Ruling Class for Disasters.

HAPPENINGS OF THE PAST WEEK

Current Events Related in Dispatches From Many Correspondents In Various Parts of the West.

PORT ARTHUR IS MAKING A HARD FIGHT

Japanese Can Only Take the Russian Stronghold by Great Sacrifice of Life.

CRITICISES CORRUPT GOVERNMENT

Predicts That the War Will Result in a Victory For Constitutionalism—Striking Evidence of Recent Change of Policy.

EPISCOPALIANS AMEND CANON ON REMARRIAGE

Bishops and Deputies of Church Finally Agree on the Divorce Question.

FORTRESS STUBBORNLY DEFENDED

General Kuropatkin Is Appointed Commander in Chief of Land Forces in the Far East—Losses at Shakhe River.

INNOCENT PERSONS HELD BLAMELESS

So Many Restrictions Are Made That the Remarriage of Divorced People Will Become Very Rare in the Future.

COUNTY GAME LAW.

The Dates on Which Game and Fish May Be Taken or Killed.

Following are the open Game seasons as issued by the San Mateo County Fish and Game Protective Association:

Cottontail or Bush Rabbit..... July 1 to Feb. 1 Rail..... Oct. 1 to Nov. 1 Hunting with boats one hour before or after high tide prohibited.

Deer..... August 1 to October 1 Trout..... April 1 to November 1 Not more than 100 to be caught in one calendar day.

The killing of Tree or Pine Squirrels, the shooting of Song Birds or robbing their nests is prohibited.

The seasons fixed by the State law for all other game apply to San Mateo County.

Violations of the game laws will be punished by fine or imprisonment. A reward of \$25 will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of offenders.

STATE GAME LAW.

The open season for shooting Valley or Mountain Quail, Partridge, Grouse, Sage Hen, or any kind of Wild Duck, or any Rail, Curlew, Ibis, or Plover, or Deer, as fixed by the State law, is as follows:

Valley Quail, Partridge, Sage Hen, Wild Duck, Rail, Curlew, Ibis or Plover	October 1 to November 15
Mountain Quail and Grouse	Sept. 1 to Feb. 15
Doves and Squirrels	July 1 to Feb. 15
Deer	Aug. 1 to Oct. 1
Male Deer	July 1 to Nov. 15
Phasian and Meadow Lark	April 1 to Nov. 15
Strewn in tidewater	closed Feb. 1 to April 1
Striped Bass	Three-pound
Black Bass	July 1 to Jan. 1
Salmon	Oct. 16 to Sept. 16
Lobster or Crawfish	Aug. 15 to April 1
Crabs, including Rock back	Oct. 31 to Sept. 1
Surgeon and Female Crab	Prohibited
	Less than 15 inches round

Must Serve Nine Years in the Army.

London.—The British Army Council has issued an important order, under which instead of enlisting three years with the colors and nine in the reserves, infantry of the line will in the future enlist for nine years with the colors and three in reserves, thus abolishing the short service system. War Secretary Arnold-Forster foreshadowed this change in a speech last July, in which he declared that the existing system had proved a failure because so few men volunteered to extend their service with the colors. Some critics, however, declare the existence of the difficulty of obtaining recruits will be greatly enhanced under the new order.

Bulgarians Killed By Greeks.

Salonica, European Turkey.—Twenty Bulgarians were killed by Greeks near Florina recently. A band of sixty Bulgarians approached thirty Greeks who were posted on a hill, supposing them to be friends. The Greeks fired point blank at them. Forty of the Bulgarians escaped.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,

South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store San Mateo County that SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods; Boots and Shoes; Ladies' and Gent's Furnishing Goods; Crockery and Agate Ware; Hats and Caps;

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

Cyrus Noble

The World famous

American whiskey.

A perfect distillation of the best grain.

Aged in wood.

Of a soft mellow flavor.

Absolutely pure.

Bedbug Has No Standing in Court.

Chicago.—John J. Byrnes, general passenger agent of the Santa Fe lines west of Albuquerque, has returned from California.

"From all indications there will be more tourists to California the coming winter than in any former season," he said. "Reservations at all hotels in California are in excess of those at the same time last year, and the hotels built this year are assured of large patronage during the coming winter."

"General business conditions in California are excellent. Our State did not feel depression in business in the spring. It is estimated that the next crop of oranges and lemons in California will be about 30,000 cars. A carload contains about 300 crates and the net returns to growers will exceed \$1 a crate."

Cannot Keep Out of Jail.

Salinas.—C. W. Hawes, who some twelve years ago murdered one Wagner, the proprietor of a drug store at Monterey for refusing to sell him opium, and who after having been sent to San Quentin for life, was pardoned by Governor Gage, is again under arrest at the scene of his old crime upon a charge of grand larceny. The officers claim to have a clear case against him.

Kidnapped Boy Beaten to Death.

Phoenixville, Pa.—With his windpipe severed and one side of his head beaten to a jelly-like mass, the body of four-year-old Michael Miorski, who men, supposed to be gypsies, abducted last week, has been found in a deserted stone house.

Wind Hurts San Diego Apples.

San Diego.—The strong wind which prevailed here last week worked much damage to the Julian apple-growers. The fruit is matured and was blown from trees and bruised, making it unmarketable. The estimated crop was 30,000 boxes.

Complete returns from counties in the northern part of the State show a heavy falling off in the number of registered voters as compared with the totals of two years ago. Shasta county has fallen from 5423 to 4342; Tehama from 3304 to 2830; Modoc from 1370 to 1236; Siskiyou from 4155, and Trinity from

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

The man who has most to say of the dangers of money getting generally has least of it.

Some people are like a locomotive when the wheels slip. They make a lot of noise, but they don't go ahead much.

"Kouropatkin" may be adopted by the baseball reporters as a word signifying that one has been caught off his base.

"Inquirer" asks why the word "goon" is not in the latest dictionary. It will be found in the next one, at all events. It has appeared in print.

The Czar, owing to the birth of his son, will remit \$68,500,000 taxes. He ought hereafter to be able to get the tax-dodger vote without much trouble.

The new hats, according to the milliners, will be in "stunning effects." The stunning effects will probably be felt by the husbands on the first of the month.

An Illinois girl who desires to become a great pianist has taken an instrument into the woods and will do her practicing there. Isn't she entitled to a Carnegie medal?

In New York it was decided that a man was insane because he was found eating grass in Central Park. Will the vegetarians stand by and quietly permit such outrages to go on?

The Cincinnati judge who has decided that a wife has no right to search her husband's pockets may have laid down the law, but he hasn't effected any change in a time honored custom.

Canada objects because the old wooden corvette Essex has been sent to the great lakes for the use of the naval militia. Will they never get over their fear of Uncle Sam's warships?

The English sparrow, according to recent investigations in England, came originally from Russia. Judging from its fighting ability we should rather incline to the theory that it originated in Japan.

Considering the general reprobation of lynching just after a lynching, one might be justified in believing that there never would be another lynching. But anyone who should prophesy that effect would soon lose his reputation for prescience.

When Johnny was a child they laughed at the ridiculous things he said. When he was a youth they laughed at his half-baked opinions. When he was a man they laughed at his wisdom because they couldn't grasp it. When he was old they laughed at him for a crank. There is always someone to laugh, and this is a jolly world.

If your criminologist had his way the paths of honest industry would hardly be worth following. The scoundrel who has attacked defenseless women or beaten innocent victims to rob them is often the cause of more solicitude when he gets out of jail and the object of more effort to give him good clothes and employment than is ever vouchsafed for the honest fellow who has done well.

When a volume of the sermons and essays of an American clergyman was presented to the Alake of Abeokuta in London recently, the Alake expressed his thanks and said that such a book, advocating love to God and love to man, expressed what he himself recognized as being the foundation of all true religions. Abeokuta is the capital of the kingdom of Egba in Upper Guinea. It is evident that the civilizing effect of American ideas on religion, as well as on government, is manifesting itself in the distant parts of the earth.

War gives currency to many romantic stories, but few of them are more interesting or seem to be so well authenticated as that concerning the parentage of the Japanese general Kuroki. A man claiming to be his nephew, now studying in Germany, has written a letter to the Berlin Tageblatt, correcting a Paris report that General Kuroki's father was a Frenchman. The father, says the nephew, was a Pole, and moreover, a Pole who fled from Russia after the revolution of 1831, married a Japanese wife, and on his death-bed charged his son to avenge the wrongs of Poland. The story, if true, is one of the most interesting in modern history.

Some mothers pride themselves on the picture of their children sitting mutely in a corner, holding hands, when guests are present, as they do upon the spick-and-span condition of their china closet, and by general consent this has come to be looked upon as something greatly to be desired. But such discipline, while it is impressive, really bottles up a great deal of the native energy and intelligence of the child. Children that are permitted to discuss questions within the bounds of reason with their elders invariably manifest a spirit of self-reliance and composure as they advance in age, which is very much more important to them than the ability to sit back and say nothing.

A bank president stole \$54,000 of his depositors' money. The judge in pass-

ing sentence upon this man gave him eighteen months in the penitentiary. In the same penitentiary to which this bank president is committed a man is serving six years for stealing a chicken. In giving an account of the rich prisoner's demeanor the press reports say he "took his sentence very calmly." No doubt of it. And so did the judge who sentenced him take the sentence calmly—too calmly to suit the sense of justice of decent people. It is said that socialism is on the increase in this country. There is no doubt of it. And the reasons are plain. One reason may easily be discovered in the modern instance just recited. The socialist can hold up this deadly parallel and say, "That is justice as it is exemplified under your present system of society? How do you like it?" The man in charge of a bank who loots it is ten times meaner than the ordinary robber. The banker robs those who trust him. He is about the only man in the community who is permitted to handle funds without a bond. When he proves recreant to his trust he strikes a body blow at confidence. He should receive the maximum punishment and that maximum should be imprisonment for life. The people are slowly formulating this belief: If you steal a little you will get the limit. If you steal enough you will be let off easy. That is a dangerous belief, but not so dangerous as the facts that go to make up the belief.

Dr. William Frye, of Kansas City, is not the first man who has lost his savings, nor will he be the last. He decided that banks were not safe, and did what countless unwise persons have done—hid his hoard in his home. That meant that his home was no longer a safe place to live in. The average housebreaker is not going to take chances for the sake of plated forks and spoons, or for valuables that are too heavy to move, but the hoard that is kept behind a picture, or under the edge of the carpet, or in a feather bed, or a dozen other places made common by constant use as hiding places for money, is quite certain to be visited by theft and thieving fingers sooner or later. This man who was afraid of banks gathered together \$6,520—the savings of a lifetime—tied it up in a bag, hid it in his house. Now he is practically penniless, and housebreakers have the money. His case is a warning. The whole business of life is a matter of trust. The very food you eat might easily be tampered with, but you buy and consume a thousand articles because you have faith in their manufacturers and those who retail them. If you travel you trust the engineer and the conductor, and back of them their superiors. In order to live you are compelled to have confidence in the rectitude of humanity. The stocking bank and the hole in the floor are not safe institutions. The average banking concern is as nearly honest as it is possible for a corporation run by human beings to be. At the worst, Mr. Frye would have secured a dividend of some kind from a bank receiver. The probabilities are that his dollars would have been as secure in the coffers of a bank as if invested in real estate. If you have money planted about your home, there isn't a doubt that you are miserable. It is a care that is on your mind night and day. Take it to the best institution that you know, and if you know of none, you can easily ask somebody who does know, and start a bank account. Then you will sleep easier.

HEAD OF THE RED CROSS.

Humanitarian Record of Rear Admiral William K. Van Reypen.

Rear Admiral William Knickerbocker Van Reypen, recently chosen as president of the American National Red Cross Society, succeeding Clara Barton, who had held the position since the society's organization in 1881, has long been identified with the work of mercy in time of war. He was the American delegate to the International Red Cross conference in St. Petersburg two years ago.

Admiral Van Reypen served in the United States navy for forty years in various official grades. He was surgeon general from 1897 to the time of his retirement in 1902. Among his achievements in the name of humanity is the ambulance ship Solace, which he designed, fitted out, and brought to a high state of perfection. It was the first experiment of the kind ever attempted, and it set a standard that has since been approved by the navies of the world.

Unpardonable Presumption.

You know those people that live in that two-story house across the way—the Gumpersons, or some such name?"

"Yes, I know them when I see them."

"I have a passing acquaintance with them—speak to them when I meet them on the street. Well, one of the girls stopped me while I was out walking the other morning. She said: 'Miss Highly, your house wasn't broken into last night and robbed, was it?' I said: 'No. Why?' And she said: 'I'm glad to hear it. I dreamed last night that somebody had got into your house through the kitchen window and stolen every so many valuable things.'

"Think of the presumption of it! Dreaming about us! And they aren't in our set at all!"

A bargain-hunting woman draws the line at a cheap-looking husband.

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RESCUING CHINESE SLAVES.

Slavery in the United States still exists in a most loathsome form in San Francisco, says Everybody's Magazine. The reference is to the servitude of Chinese women in the notorious "Chinatown" of that city. For many years a determined war has been waged upon it by the Presbyterian Chinese Mission of the city, but although much diminished it still persists.

Much of the work during the last ten years has been done under the personal direction of Miss Donaldine Cameron, a young woman of Scottish descent, who attributes her success in "raiding" Chinese dens to an inheritance of her "Highland" forefathers' aptitude for cattle-raiding. Time and again she has taken her life in her hands and plunged boldly into the dens in search of some slave girl who had sent word that she wished to be free—for slavery can be prevented only by consent of the slave. Rescue is impossible so long as the slave is in voluntary servitude.

Two years ago, with a sergeant of police, Miss Cameron raided a den in San Luis Alley, a narrow thoroughfare in the worst depths of Chinatown. They eluded the watchman and made for the door of the marked house. The sergeant, putting his shoulder against it, broke it in.

The screaming and chattering of Chinese women, which had begun with the attack, sounded farther and farther away. The raiders found the lights burning, a tea-urn singing in the corner, a guitar with its strings still quivering, but there was no one in sight, and there was no visible exit from the room.

Experienced in these things, they knew there was a secret passage somewhere, leading to the endless mazes of underground Chinatown. They went over the wall foot by foot, pressing and tapping. At last, under a couch, Miss Cameron found a spot which sounded hollow. The sergeant had stepped outside, but Miss Cameron, too excited to think of the consequences, pressed with all her might, and a panel dropped away. Below was darkness.

Miss Cameron rolled bodily through and fell six feet. The sergeant, hearing her call, ran to the hole and held a lighted candle. There was a passage, stretching farther away than they could see, and so narrow that to thread it one must stoop and present his shoulders sideways. Following it to a widening, they found a Chinese bag lying face downward. Without ceremony the sergeant rolled her over. She was the mistress of the house. Under her was a trap-door padlocked.

Miss Cameron snatched the keys from the woman's belt, unlocked this door, and dropped again into foul-smelling blackness. They found another passage, narrower than the first. It sloped downward for a story, till they were deep underground, turned two or three times, ascended by two flights of stairs as steep as ladders, and ended in a deserted room with a door in the farther corner.

Again the sergeant's shoulder forced a way, and they fell out into the fresh air. They were on the alley, only six feet from the door by which they had entered the building. A casual watcher told them that two minutes after they had entered six Chinese women and two men had come out through the last door, ran across the street and disappeared. The girl they sought has not yet been rescued.

Many attempts have been made to kill Miss Cameron, but she has escaped unharmed. Her rescues of slaves have made the business so precarious that three thousand dollars is now the price for a 14-year-old girl and two thousand for a baby.

TRADE WITH PORTO RICO.

It Is Five Times as Great as Before the War with Spain.

Although many merchants of the Atlantic seaboard cities complain that trade with the island of Porto Rico is not as great as it should be under the changed condition of affairs since the Spanish-American war, its volume is not a thing to be despised. During the calendar year 1908 it amounted, in round terms, to \$22,000,000. In 1897, the year prior to annexation, it amounted to \$4,162,912, the total for the year 1908 having been thus more than five times as great as in 1897, according to a report of the Department of Commerce and Labor, through its Bureau of Statistics. The report gives the details of the movements, by principal articles, in both directions, both of domestic and foreign products. It also shows the commerce of Porto Rico with other countries amounted to over \$6,000,000, thus making the total trade of the island more than \$28,000,000 in the year 1908.

Of the total of \$22,000,000 between Porto Rico and the United States, \$11,423,313 was domestic products of the United States shipped to Porto Rico, \$9,986,782 domestic products of Porto Rico shipped to the United States. This was a slight increase, about \$15,000 in the trade of 1908 compared with 1902. To other parts of the world Porto Rico in 1908 sent domestic products to the value of \$4,267,910 and foreign products to the value of \$127,932, while from other parts of the world Porto Rico imported \$2,119,523 worth of merchandise.

"How did you manage it?" inquired his friend.

"Oh, I had a pair of eye-glasses sewed to every one of my vests, and a pair of suspenders to every pair of trousers."

Wall Street Conversions.

"Down in the tenement districts," said the enthusiastic evangelist, "we are meeting with wonderful success. But, perhaps, you are not interested in conversions."

"Oh, yes," replied the trust promoter with affected interest.

"Do you think Wall street would ever afford a good field for conversions?"

"Why, it does now. We're converting water into negotiable securities every day or so."—Philadelphia Press

\$1,950,808; manufactures of iron and steel, \$1,156,273, and provisions, \$1,403,634.

Of the articles shipped from Porto Rico to the United States brown sugar amounted to \$6,813,854; cigars, \$1,441,196; leaf tobacco, \$255,814; oranges, \$314,094, and coffee, \$610,982. Porto Rican coffee is evidently growing in favor in the United States, the total quantity shipped in 1908 being 5,461,631 pounds, against 1,906,106 pounds in 1902. Porto Rican tobacco is also apparently enjoying increased popularity, the total quantity of leaf tobacco shipped to the United States in 1908 being 1,238,060 pounds, against 417,478 pounds in 1902.

THE CORN KING.

Started with Nothing and Now Owns 23,000 Acres of Land.

There are cotton kings, iron kings and industrial kings of all sorts, but the real corn king is David Rankin, of Tarkio, Mo. Rankin was born in Scotland in 1825 and came to America with his parents when a small boy. His family settled in Illinois and began the long struggle associated with the life of the pioneer farmer. He was still but a lad when he saw tacked to the door of their humble home the constable's notice of ejection, but he and his brother pleaded so earnestly for another trial that the notice was pulled down and the boys set to work with might and main to save the little farm. This they finally succeeded in doing. Then they decided to start in business for themselves. By hiring out by the day they managed to save enough to purchase a yoke of oxen, and with this rude team they got plenty of work in clearing land for neighboring farmers. They saved their money and eventually David purchased a few acres of land in the Mississippi bottoms. Gradually his possessions increased, and when the war broke out he had become recognized as a man of means. Ultimately he purchased immense tracts in the Missouri valley, near where Tarkio is now situated. To-day he is the owner of 23,000 acres of the finest Missouri soil. He raises on an average of 500,000 bushels of corn, purchases as much more from his neighbors and feeds every ear of it to his stock, of which he fattens thousands of heads for the Chicago packers.

DAVID RANKIN.

when he saw tacked to the door of their humble home the constable's notice of ejection, but he and his brother pleaded so earnestly for another trial that the notice was pulled down and the boys set to work with might and main to save the little farm. This they finally succeeded in doing. Then they decided to start in business for themselves. By hiring out by the day they managed to save enough to purchase a yoke of oxen, and with this rude team they got plenty of work in clearing land for neighboring farmers. They saved their money and eventually David purchased a few acres of land in the Mississippi bottoms. Gradually his possessions increased, and when the war broke out he had become recognized as a man of means. Ultimately he purchased immense tracts in the Missouri valley, near where Tarkio is now situated. To-day he is the owner of 23,000 acres of the finest Missouri soil. He raises on an average of 500,000 bushels of corn, purchases as much more from his neighbors and feeds every ear of it to his stock, of which he fattens thousands of heads for the Chicago packers.

MISS HIPPOTAMUS.

was calling from the door.

Lillie where's that

Tooth-Brush?

want to scrub

The floor!"

JOLLY EVENING GAMES.

A number of jolly evening games

can be played with ordinary pins, one

5-cent paper of which will supply the

foundation for an evening's entertain-

ment.

A Paper-Spearing Contest—Tear or

cut clean scrap paper into inch squares

and pile them on a pasteboard box lid.

There should be several handfuls,

enough to make a good-sized heap.

Place the box lid in the center of the

table at which the game is to be

played and give each player a pin.

The fun consists in seeing who in the

fifteen minutes allotted to the game can

spear the most pieces with his pin.

By the rules of the game only one

piece of paper may be taken on the pin

at one time. If two are captured by

mistake, both must be returned to the

pile.

A small prize may be given to the

boy or girl having the most squares

when the game is at an end.

Pins and Marbles—Each boy or girl

receives three pins, which are stuck

upright in the carpet. Marbles are

then used to bowl over the pins.

Naturally, there must be a prearranged

place for the pins to be stuck and for

the bowler to stand, in order that ev-



"No," said the shoemaker, "brass bands are not what they used to be."

A customer had stopped in the shop to get his shoes repaired. The shoemaker's remark was caused by the passing of a band heading a political procession.

"The music is just as fine as ever," said the shoemaker, "but the musicians don't seem to have any great style about them. Look at that drum major! Isn't he the worst you ever saw?"

"Why is it?" asked the customer, humoring the shoemaker, "that you don't see any good drum majors these days?"

"Well, I will tell you," he answered. "When a drum major gets to be good, wearing his beautiful uniform and twirling his baton, he is a grand sight. Then he is so bothered and followed by the girls that sooner or later he gets married. Then his wife will not allow him to stay in the band, for she knows how irresistible he is."

"I was a drum major once and I could swing a baton as well as any man in the State. Our band went to the inauguration of McKinley as Governor of Ohio. We were the last in line and no attention was paid to us, except that all the women waved their handkerchiefs at me, until we came in front of the place where the governor was. Then I threw my baton into the air fifty feet, turned to the governor, bowed, lifted my cap and slowly placed it back upon my head, took a step and caught the wand as it descended. The whole street rang with cheers. That was the happiest moment of my life."

"You quit the profession for the usual reason, I suppose," said the customer.

"Oh, no. I am the boss in my house. My pride made me quit."

"How was that?"

"One day I was sitting in my shop when I heard the music of a band. I went to the door, as I always do, to see what kind of a drum major they had. Well, this day it was a minstrel band. The musicians were all dressed in linen dusters and wore plug hats. The drum major was a foreign-looking fellow and wore a close-fitting jacket with fur on the edges, blue tights and blue shoes with white fur on the tops. He wore a visorless cap."

"Before they came to me Chris Lauberback, one of my neighbors, went out and spoke to one of the minstrels, who looked over at me. The minstrel went to the drum major and he also looked over toward me and smiled.

"When he got directly in front of me he stopped and began doing tricks with his wand. First he placed it on the back of his hand and let it roll to his shoulder and then it fell almost to the ground. He put out his foot and balanced it on his toe. He did every trick you could think of and finally threw the wand as high as the hotel across the street, turned a somersault in the air, lifted his hat to me and then caught the wand with the back of his leg by the knee joint.

"I went and sold my outfit to the second-hand dealer and quit. Later I found out that the fellow was a jester in the show!"—Chicago Daily News.

is known to have been alive in 1703, is dead yet. The disposal of a claim to more than \$1,000,000 is at issue. So far no death certificate in the case has been producible, but a priest has offered to swear that the prince is no longer alive, and his deposition will be accepted.

The House of Lords' decision, which recently gave to the twenty-four dissentents from union with the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, the \$50,000,000 property and \$5,000,000 cash of the Free Church, was, in a nutshell, that, although the majority members of a church may change their creed and go over to another church if they choose, they cannot carry with them the property devoted to a church in whose creed they no longer believe.

The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott is a firm believer in the value of regular hours of rest in the daytime. Recently in addressing a group of theological students he said it has been his practice for years to set aside the hour after the midday meal as exclusively his own, when he is not to be disturbed "unless the house is on fire and the fire has reached the second story." Then he is free to dip into poetry or rest and meditate with folded hands as he may choose.

MARKS ON FINGERNAILS.

How Illness or an Accident Affects Them.

"One who makes a close study of finger nails will find many curious things about them to excite his wonder and interest," says an expert of such matters in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, "but none more so than the stories of physical condition told in their growth."

"You know the nail of a person in good health grows at the rate of about one-sixteenth of an inch each week—slightly more than many authorities believe—but during illness or after an accident or during times of mental depression this growth is not only affected and retarded so far as its length is concerned, but also as regards its thickness. The very lighter illness will thus leave an indelible mark on the nails which may be readily detected as the nail grows out. If one has a sudden attack, such as acute rheumatism, which sends the temperature bounding upward to 104 or 105 within the space of two or three hours, it will be found on the nails, indicating the difference in thickness of growth between the time when health was enjoyed and the thin growth of the ill period."

"If the illness is one that comes gradually, like typhoid fever, for example, instead of a ridge a gentle incline will appear on the nails. Should one have an arm broken the thick ridge can be seen only on the fingers of one hand, but in all cases of general sickness the ridges or slope appears on the fingers of both hands. When one has passed through a period of extreme excitement or mental depression, the fact will be imprinted on the nails either with an abrupt ridge or a gentle slope, according to the acuteness of the mental influence."

"In no instance can the marks of illness, accident or mental condition be clearly seen on the nail until after the growth has carried the line beyond the white or half-moon portion of it, but a week or two subsequent to any of these things the ridge or slope may be found on the nails, usually readily visible to the eyes; but if not, the mark may be found by running the tip of the finger down any of the nails."

"A girl's idea of a hopeless idiot is a young man who doesn't kiss her when he has a chance."

Every benedict has a mind of his own, but the title is apt to be clouded.

HOW PARLIAMENT VOTES.

Toilers of the Columbia

An intensely interesting

PACIFIC COAST STORY

By a Pacific Coast Author

Will soon commence in this paper

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

THE FINANCIERS.

The Linnet Club of ladies had been listening to a lecture in which economics and sociology were subtly blended. "It was very able," young Mrs. Tenney said, judicially, "but I don't entirely agree with Mr. Hope in what he said about women's slippish business ways. I think the average woman is as good a financier as the average man."

"So do I!" said Mrs. Pell, emphatically. "I don't spend half the money Mr. Pell does for shines and newspapers and things."

"She is every bit as discriminating in savings and expenditures as he is," continued Mrs. Tenney, returning to the abstract.

"Besides, she doesn't smoke," supplemented Mrs. Pell, dropping back to the concrete.

"Do you know," Mrs. Stedman began, thoughtfully. "I don't believe I've ever saved a penny in my life."

"Not on anything? Not even bargains?" demanded Mrs. Pell, excitedly.

"No," said Mrs. Stedman, shame-facedly. "I'm out and out extravagant."

"Why don't you start a bank account? It might help you," said Mrs. Tenney, kindly.

"Yes, why don't you?" Mrs. Pell said. "I've had one for years—long before I was married."

"Of course you have one?" Mrs. Stedman asked Mrs. Tenney.

"Oh, yes; it is so much less bother to pay with checks. So much more businesslike, too, you know," Mrs. Tenney replied.

"I've always thought it might be hard to keep straight in one's accounts," said Mrs. Stedman, timidly; "it seemed simple to ask for money, or have things charged. But I'm going to have an account. What is your bank, Mrs. Tenney?"

Mrs. Tenney reflected briefly. "I use the same one that my husband does," she answered, discreetly.

"Has it a name—or anything?" Mrs. Stedman asked. "I'd like to have my money where somebody I know has an account."

"Oh, try my bank!" urged Mrs. Pell.

"I've been there for years, as I said.

When I was married Mr. Pell spoke of his bank, but I said, 'No; where father kept his money is good enough for me,' and I've been going there ever since. It is a perfectly splendid bank, with a special room for women."

"What's the name of it?" Mrs. Stedman asked, hopefully.

"The name?" repeated Mrs. Pell. "Oh, that doesn't matter at all. I'll tell you where it is, and when you go there they'll give you a book of blank checks and do all that sort of thing for you. It's right between that hat shop and Dressler's—there couldn't be a better place for a bank, right in the heart of everything."

"I'm sure it must be a good bank," said Mrs. Stedman, warmly. "I simply adore Dressler's cafe mousse. Thank you very much, Mrs. Pell."

LIFE'S SURPLUS THINGS.

An English writer has been devoting his attention to the elimination of unnecessary things, and has succeeded in presenting a tentative list of articles which mankind does not need. Like many other propagandists of a new cult he goes to extremes in certain instances, but, on the whole, makes out a pretty good case. He holds, to begin with, that the resident of a city does not require a watch. He goes so far as to say that an umbrella is not indispensable, and cited Lord Beaconsfield, who never carried an umbrella, as an illustrious example. "When it rained he took refuge under the umbrella of the prettiest woman he could see."

The silk hat is tabooed by this iconoclast. In his inventory of superfluous things we find the flap that covers the keyhole of the front door, which often sadly interferes with the entrance of the belated, and perhaps bibulous, householder. "It is redeemed from absolute futility by its power of occasional annoyance." He inquires as to the use of the tassel on the new umbrella. "Nobody in his senses wants a tassel on an umbrella."

Why are there two buttons, or even one, on the sleeve of a coat? The writer took a census of his buttons and found that sixty of them were unnecessary. He is particularly anxious as to the two buttons behind on a frock coat. Taking a survey of the whole human family, he finds that there are 800,000,000 buttons worn, all of them useless. No one has discovered the necessity for fourteen or sixteen pockets concealed in men's clothes. This is the limit of superfluity.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A MISTAKE.

"Mrs. Plum holds her own well, doesn't she?"

"But it isn't. That's her sister's child."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A birthday party is a great success if the presents amount in value to as much as the refreshments cost.

Hair-Dying Injuries.

Some of the insurance companies of Paris refuse to insure people who dye their hair.

The average man will take his medicine bravely, unless there happens to be a woman present to look sympathetically at him.

the loss from death will be practically nothing. When the feet are affected they should also be washed with the above solution, or, if there should be none of these at hand, a 3 per cent carbolic acid solution will be very beneficial, and then apply a salve made up of twenty parts vaseline and one part carbolic acid. This treatment has given the very best results.

DOES FARMING PAY.

"Probably more than a third of the persons living in the United States receive their support from the farm. The question is answered."—Country Life in America.

To the farmer more than any other is due the groundwork of the great tide of prosperity which has carried the country to the first position among the nations of the world. Neither the farmer, nor his wife, nor his son, nor his employee, know the meaning of an eight-hour day. The farmer's time to work is just as long as there is work to be done. The work may be drudgery, the man may be awkward, but his sturdy back, his healthy body, his simple life, have given the strength of mind and body to the sons he has sent out into the world to make their way in other paths of life. It is the strenuous metropolitan life which saps the strength and undermines the nerves. The everlasting push, push of active trade, ceaseless competition, struggle for business, greed for dollars, would soon blight and destroy were it not for the constant infusion of the rich, pure blood and sound mind and nerve of the country boy who seeks the business or professional life of our business centers.

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The old methods of barter are gone. The farmer sells his products for cash, and buys where it suits him best. He has learned to farm better, to buy better and to sell better. He has learned that his hay and corn go to market cheaper and more profitably as fat beef and pork than as hay and corn, and sent thus, they leave the valuable manures behind. He has learned to grow fifty bushels of wheat on ground that formerly grew but twenty-five. He has learned that berries grown in Florida may be sold at a profit in New York, that California fruit may be sent at a profit to Europe. He is learning that God never intended the water of his springs to run to the ocean unchecked, or to send the rain only when it was needed. He is also learning that the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb only through his intervention.

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In other words the farmer is becoming educated; he is learning to farm. He is learning to utilize the water given to him and to feed it to his crops as they need it and not alone as nature wills. He is learning to care for and improve his stock; he is learning to concentrate his power, his education and his energy to make a fertile farm more fertile, to make a profitable crop more profitable, and he is doing it. He has better markets and better profits than ever before. He lives better, he dresses better, he has more comforts and more money, which he spends where he will. As a customer he is better satisfied and more easily pleased than the city shopper.—Batten's Wedge.

TREATMENT FOR SORE MOUTH.

Cattle the world over are liable to the disease known as sore mouth and when not properly treated a great deal of trouble is often experienced. When it is learned that the infection is among the herd the following treatment is recommended:

If the animals become affected on the pasture and the mouth only is diseased, they should immediately be taken to the stable and given plenty of food and the mouth thoroughly washed out once a day with a 3 per cent solution of any of the coal tar preparations. After thoroughly washing with any one of the dips, the mouth should be washed once a day with a 5 per cent solution of alum water. The animals should be kept in the stable until the affected parts are thoroughly healed, which soon happens when treatment is offered.

A number of animals which were badly affected received no treatment, except that an abundance of food was provided for them in racks on account of the animal not being able to graze by reason of the severity of the disease. If these precautions are taken

the loss from death will be practically nothing. When the feet are affected they should also be washed with the above solution, or, if there should be none of these at hand, a 3 per cent carbolic acid solution will be very beneficial, and then apply a salve made up of twenty parts vaseline and one part carbolic acid. This treatment has given the very best results.

NOTES ON CELERY CULTURE.

At the Iowa Experiment Station a small experiment in celery culture was carried on, and it may possibly interest some to know what was done and what the results were. The seed was sown in the greenhouses about the last of March. The young celery plants were set out in the field about June first. A small part of the field was planted in trenches and the rest on the level, with rows five feet apart. The soil was rich black loam and rather low and flat.

From this time on the celery was given good care and grew well, no fertilizer being applied except to a very small portion of the field. Along about the first of September hillling was begun. Most of this was done by merely banking up with earth except about two hundred hills that were covered with tile. At intervals, as the celery grew, the hillling up process was continued. Such is, very briefly, a description of the conditions as they were. What were the results and what lessons were learned? Those are the important points.

In regard to the level and trench culture very little difference was noted in the resulting celery. The trench culture, however, was much easier to hill properly. On a dry year, too, the celery that is planted in trenches withstands heat and drought better. The celery that was blanched with tile was of as good quality and blanched as quickly as that hillied with earth. The work of covering with tile was also more easily done and none was found rotted in the heart as was the case with some of that hillied with earth. The tile, however, is objectionable because it is expensive and too short for tall varieties.

A part of the field was on land very poorly drained and the result was that this part baked quite hard and could hardly be hillied up at all, while that part of the field which was slightly sloping was well drained, did not bake and was easily worked. So in choosing a location for a celery field do not choose a low spot without adequate drainage if the nature of the soil is such as to permit baking. A small part

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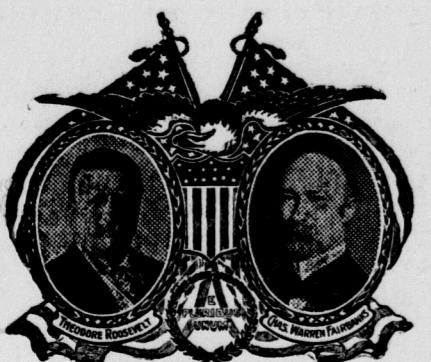
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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1904.



FOR PRESIDENT

Theodore Roosevelt

OF NEW YORK

FOR VICE PRESIDENT

Charles W. Fairbanks

OF INDIANA

For Congress

FIFTH DISTRICT

HON. E. A. HAYES

For State Senator

TWENTY-NINTH DISTRICT

HON. S. H. RAMBO

For Assemblyman

FIFTY-THIRD DISTRICT

HON. R. H. JURY

For Supervisor

FIRST TOWNSHIP

Julius Eikenkotter

"When we make it evident that all men, great and small alike, have to obey the law, we put the safeguard of the law around all men."—Theodore Roosevelt.

We publish the communication of a correspondent criticising the new liquor ordinance passed by our Board of Supervisors. The communication is given in full, with the exception of a personal reference to one of the candidates who is running for office at present.

"Any man who tries to excite class hatred, sectional hate, hate of creeds, any kind of hatred in our community, though he may affect to do it in the interest of the class he is addressing, is in the long run with absolute certainty that class's own worst enemy."—Theodore Roosevelt.

"It is idle to say that the monetary standard of the nation is irrevocably fixed so long as the party which at the last election cast approximately forty per cent of the total vote, refuses to put in its platform any statement that the question is settled."—Roosevelt's Letter of Acceptance.

The Enterprise has no criticism to offer touching Mr. Casey nor any objection to him personally. He is a reputable citizen of this county and township and a substantial business man of Colma.

Mr. Eikenkotter, the Republican nominee, is also a good man. More than that, he is a resident of this town, all he owns is here, he is our neighbor, and a taxpayer of our town and it seems to the Enterprise that, admitting both candidates to be equally good men, that Mr. Eikenkotter has a claim to preference with the citizens of our town without regard to politics.

We publish elsewhere in this issue a communication upon the subject of the newly enacted ordinance, limiting the number of saloons in San Mateo county.

Our correspondent is disposed to be somewhat satirical at the expense of the Enterprise. That is all right. The Enterprise is not given to making professions. Its position on all questions of public interest has always been clear and straightforward. Furthermore, this paper has not waited for a political campaign to make its views known on matters of local interest. In this matter of the saloons we had intended to say nothing until after the present political contest was ended, for the reason that we think

the saloon question should be considered and decided upon its merits and not to promote the interest of any man or faction in politics.

As a matter of fact, the first move to limit the number of saloons was made by the church people of this town, and the writer was consulted, and discussed the question at some length with the then leader of the movement. It seems that the later move was made by the saloonmen themselves. We do not believe the method adopted the best nor the right plan to limit the liquor traffic and also believe it should be restricted. With us it is not a question of the Constitution but the practical question of what is best for the people. The solicitude of our correspondent seems to us somewhat exaggerated. The Constitution does not in our humble opinion need the aid of either ourself nor our patriotic correspondent to restore its supremacy. It is still supreme, the new ordinance of San Mateo county and the apprehension of our correspondent notwithstanding. When the election is over we propose to have something to say on the subject of saloon restriction and if our correspondent is in earnest we will be happy to join him and any other citizens who may favor the reasonable regulation of the liquor traffic in our county. We do not believe in making local political capital out of this question.

A DEMOCRATIC BOOMERANG.

The leaflet circulated by the more unscrupulous of the Democratic campaign managers purporting to give extracts from the writings and speeches of President Roosevelt, is a tissue of falsehoods and misrepresentation. The manufacturers of the mendacious pamphlet have in some instances invented a falsehood out of whole cloth and in others taken statements and sentences out of their context in their effort to make the President express sentiments he never entertained. The New York World of August 29th denounced in the strongest language as "mudslinging" and "inspired idiocy" this attempt of party politicians to gain their end by dishonest and indecent means. These leaflets were distributed at the recent Democratic meeting here, but we venture the assertion that neither Mr. Edward White nor Mr. Troy, who spoke at the meeting, had anything to do with the matter. Decent Democrats like White and Troy and decent papers like the World will not stoop to that kind of political warfare.

LOOKOUT FOR CONGRESS.

The Democratic managers are making a still hunt for the election of their Congressional nominees. They realize the hopelessness of electing a Democratic President, and are making a supreme effort to control Congress. Now, a Republican Congress is just as essential to the continued prosperity of the country as a Republican President. Let all voters who desire the continuance of the present prosperous conditions look well to this feature of the present contest and vote straight for the Republican Congressional candidates.

GLOBE SIGHTS.

No painless dentist can fool us. "You're another," is a mighty poor argument.

Forgiveness is a very poor foundation for friendship.

A dog will butt in on mighty little occasion.

The only redeeming feature about a pig is its ham.

Going visiting is like borrowing from the neighbors; you have to pay back.

People have too much business to talk about and not enough to transact.

It is surprising how near crazy some people can be, and keep out of the asylum.

The politician who flops reminds us of the dying thief, and we never had any use for him.

When the worthless man cannot find any other excuse, he says he is sick. He can always work that.

Which would be wiser for a man past 50 to do, marry a trained nurse or a good cook?

If a secret is kept a secret, this is one sign that it was not considered important enough to tell.

We can stand cheap people pretty well until they begin to act superior.

This weather is good enough for us; we never care to go to heaven in the fall.

There are yellow roses. Therefore, the compliment that a woman has a "rose leaf complexion" is often true.

Even though a man has worthless parents, if he does not amount to something by the time he is forty, it is time to stop blaming them.—Atchison Globe.

NOTICE.

Owners of impounded stock are hereby notified that in case of my absence from the Pound they can obtain their stock by applying at the stockyards office and paying charges.

A. T. SHERMAN, Poundkeeper.

RWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

A brave man is never a tyrant.

ELECTION

PROCLAMATION

The Board of Supervisors of the County of San Mateo, State of California, hereby give notice pursuant to the proclamation of the Governor of the said State of California issued on the 26th day of September, A. D. 1904, that a General Election will be held throughout said county on

Tuesday, the 8th day of November,

A. D. 1904.

Polls will be open from 6 o'clock a. m. until 5 o'clock p. m. of that day, at which election the qualified electors throughout said county will vote for the Proposed Constitutional Amendments to the Constitution of the State of California, which said Constitutional Amendments were and are duly set forth in said Governor's Election Proclamation, and for the following officers, viz:

Ten Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States.

One Representative to the Congress of the United States from the Fifth Congressional District.

One Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of California.

One Joint Senator from the Twenty-ninth Senatorial District, comprising the Counties of Santa Cruz and San Mateo.

One member of the Assembly from the Fifty-third Assembly District.

In the First Supervisor District of said County, one Supervisor.

In the Third Supervisor District of said County, one Supervisor.

In the Fourth Supervisor District of said County, one Supervisor.

The following named Election Precincts in and for said County have been and are hereby regularly established for said election, said several election precincts having been established, and are now fully set forth, bounded and described in Ordinance Number 133 of the said Board of Supervisors of said County.

The Polling Places and Boards of Election for said election are hereby ordered, designated, selected and appointed as follows, to-wit:

BADEN PRECINCT.

Polls at Butchers' Hall, South San Francisco.

Inspectors—Michael Foley, H. J. Vandebos.

Judges—J. L. Wood, Chas. Robinson.

Clerks—W. G. Nourse, J. E. Singletary.

Ballot Clerks—C. L. Kauffmann, J. J. Kelly.

BELMONT PRECINCT.

Polls at Mills building on Main County Road, Belmont.

Inspectors—A. Hammerson, G. H. Yount.

Judges—Ass. Hull, P. A. Roussel.

Clerks—A. F. Otto, E. O'Neill.

Ballot Clerks—W. D. Kelly, B. F. Yount.

COLMA PRECINCT.

Polls at Jefferson Hall, Colma.

Inspectors—Peter Faber, John Ryan.

Judges—John Biggio, Patrick Calan.

Clerks—E. H. Darman, Chas. Suerden.

Ballot Clerks—Geo. C. Luce, A. E. Verlinden.

DENNISTON PRECINCT.

Polls at Denniston Public School House.

Inspectors—E. Anderson, Severino Albertini.

Judges—John Kyne, J. F. Weinke.

Clerks—Fred Wittner, Joseph Beffa.

Ballot Clerks—Frank Martini, H. C. Ransom.

LA HONDA PRECINCT.

Polls at Keiffer's Hall, La Honda.

Inspectors—A. Stengel, Henry Steinberg.

Judges—Chris Iverson, John H. Sears.

Clerks—Ellis Davies, A. R. Kirkpatrick.

Ballot Clerks—W. L. Langley, Edward Solougo.

MENLO PARK PRECINCT NO. 1.

Polls at Duff & Doyle's store, Menlo Park.

Inspectors—Thos. McIntyre, Geo. Nunn.

Judges—M. Clark, Wm. Headley.

Clerks—Wm. A. Doyle, Thos. A. Casey.

Ballot Clerks—F. W. Johnson, Louis Goertzen.

MENLO PARK PRECINCT NO. 2.

Polls at Fitzgerald's Hall, Menlo Park.

Inspectors—John Nash, E. L. Taylor.

Judges—E. J. Crane, Ira Merrill.

Clerks—James Lynch, Chas. P. Cooley.

Ballot Clerks—Wm. Casey Jr., Harry P. Moore.

MILLBRAE PRECINCT.

Polls at Connely's Hall, Millbrae.

Inspectors—John Soule, E. P. Smith.

Judges—J. McNulty, Chas. Barbour Sr.

Clerks—M. McHugh, C. E. Beatie.

Ballot Clerks—F. C. Marceau, Louis Tavel.

PESCADERO PRECINCT.

Polls at I. O. O. F. Hall, Pescadero.

Inspectors—D. C. Adair, Jos. McCormick.

Judges—George P. Ellis, George Lewis.

Clerks—A. J. Goulson, Wm. A. Moore.

Ballot Clerks—Eli D. Moore, Harry W. Good.

PURISSIMA PRECINCT.

Polls at Public School House, Purissima.

Inspectors—Herman Jordan, Horace N. Locke.

Judges—Michael Moran, Horace Nelson.

Clerks—Wm. Deeney, Elmer W. Coon.

Ballot Clerks—George Shoults, John Struthers.

REDWOOD PRECINCT NO. 1.

Polls at Court House, Redwood City.

Inspectors—P. McCarthy, W. J. McGarvey.

Judges—Chas. Barton, E. M. Hanson.

Clerks—D. R. Stafford, B. P. G. Smith.

Ballot Clerks—Christian Stiles, Roy W. Cloud.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

<p

TOWN NEWS

Plenty to do.
Business lively.
Everybody busy.
More building in prospect.
Bay Shore means business.
Ex-Supervisor Bryan was in town Wednesday.
J. H. Burchard of San Francisco was in town Monday.
Don't forget the ball given by the band boys this evening.
Factories at the water front are all running with full force.

C. F. Kauffmann does light hauling. Leave orders at Wells, Fargo office.

O. Berlinger has touched up the interior of his meat market with a coat of paint.

Miss Nellie Dann leaves for New York shortly, where she will spend the winter.

Born—In this town, Wednesday, October 26th, to the wife of A. Coblyn, a daughter.

Land Agent W. J. Martin had a party here Thursday looking for a site for a factory.

Hereafter Wahita Council will hold its meetings on Monday evening instead of Tuesday.

John Viechtach has leased the two lower westerly flats of the Thrasher building for one year.

J. J. Montevideo and wife are at present staying at the Huber home on Commercial avenue.

Supervisor Eikenkotter has a large force of men working at various points on the county road.

A carload of cedar poles arrived Monday for the South San Francisco Power and Light Company.

During the fore part of the week the cattle shipments into this place were somewhat heavier than usual.

John Debenedetti took a run up to South City the first of the week to look after his business.—Coast Advocate.

Miss Bessie Fox returned to her home at Hanford Monday after spending several weeks with friends at this place.

Property owners will not forget that Tax Collector Granger will be here on Friday, November 4th, to receive taxes.

D. R. I. Longebaugh has decided not to locate here and informs us that he will practice medicine at Mountain View instead.

Contractors Erickson & Pettersen received four carloads of horses and mules on Tuesday for work on the Bay Shore Cut-off.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post-office building.

P. Lombardi was arrested on the 26th for shooting a meadow lark, in violation of the game laws and upon pleading guilty was fined \$50.

Born—In this town, Saturday, October 22d, to the wife of James E. Sullivan, a son. Mr. Sullivan is now the proud father of three sons.

The ladies of the Guild will give a social and nap at Guild Hall Wednesday evening, November 2d. A very pleasant evening in store for all who may attend.

A Republican meeting will be held at Butchers' Hall on Saturday evening, November 5th. In addition to local speakers the State Central Committee will send a speaker of wide repute.

A Democratic meeting was held at Butchers' Hall on Friday evening of last week. The hall was well filled. Our local brass band furnished the music. The principal speakers were Congressmen Wynn and Livernash.

We are indebted to County Clerk Schaberg for a copy of the "Electoral Officers' Guide." If election officers will simply follow the instructions contained in this pamphlet literally and strictly errors will be impossible.

Every citizen should without fail put in an appearance this evening at the concert and ball given by our local band at Armour Pavilion. The programme is a very interesting one and the boys are certainly entitled to the cordial support of our people.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

County Clerk Schaberg was here last Saturday for the purpose of examining voters, whom it was claimed could not read or write, thus violating the election law. We understand that fifteen men lose their franchise as a result of the investigation.—Coast Advocate.

The excavating for the foundations of the new concrete bridge over Osterman creek is well under way. Fifteen men and three teams are at present employed in the various duties connected with the work. The old bridge will be allowed to stand until the new structure is built up to it, so that travel will not be obstructed. The bridge when complete will cost over \$4000, but it will stand for ages—a lasting monument to its builders and a credit to San Mateo county. Dane Savage & De Martini are the contractors.—Coast Advocate.

CHOICE OF ALL ROUTES EAST.

Is offered by Southern Pacific. You want the best—the one that suits you best. Don't make any arrangements until you have learned of the magnificent limited trains and personally conducted excursions in new Pullman tourist cars of our different routes. G. W. Holston, Southern Pacific Agent South San Francisco, will sell you a ticket, reserve you a berth, or write to Paul Shoup, D. F. and P. A., 26 South First street, San Jose. If

REAL ESTATE NOTES.

A. M. Meyer has purchased of the Land and Improvement Company lot 27 in block 96.

J. Bruno has purchased of Mr. W. J. Martin the westerly 1/2 of lot 8 in block 124.

The brick building for the Electric Power and Light Company is completed and the company expects to be ready to do business about the middle of November.

Mrs. D. Harrington is receiving bids for the construction of a two-story hotel building on her lot 6 in block 148. The building is to be 23 by 112 feet.

Contractor Johnson has a force of men at work and has the frame up for Mr. Michenfelder's two-story building at the corner of Grand and Maple Avenue.

REPUBLICAN MEETINGS.

At a meeting of the Republican County committee in Redwood City Monday partial arrangements were made for meetings to be held throughout the county as follows:

Belmont—Friday, October 28th.

Woodside—Saturday, October 29th.

Pescadero—Tuesday, November 1st.

Falmouth Bay—Wednesday, November 2d.

Menlo Park—Thursday, November 3d.

San Mateo—Friday, November 4th.

South San Francisco—Saturday, November 5th.

Redwood City—Monday, November 7th.

Colma—To be arranged.

In addition to local speakers the State Central Committee will send to each of these meetings a speaker of State-wide reputation.

ZACHARIAH MATTLI.

On Saturday last, October 22d, Zacharias Mattli, while at work at the mill at the steel works, was accidentally caught under the heavy rollers and his right leg crushed at the ankle and knee joints.

The accident occurred about 7:30 a. m. The injured man was at once sent to his home. Dr. Plymire put the shattered leg in splints and ordered an ambulance from the city to take Mr. Mattli to St. Luke's Hospital. The ambulance arrived and started with the injured man for the hospital about 11 a. m., but the shock was too great to allow the injured man to rally and he died in the ambulance before reaching the hospital. An inquest was held by Coronor Leland yesterday and in the absence of knowledge of the facts given at the inquest no statement can be made as to the circumstances under which the accident occurred. The funeral was held under the auspices of the Improved Order of Red Men, of which the deceased was an honored member, at Butchers' Hall, Tuesday, October 25th. Interment in Cypress Lawn.

Zacharias Mattli was a native of Switzerland, aged 52 years, the beloved husband of Maria Mattli, and father of Mary, Joseph, Christina, Walter and Emma Mattli. He was a member of the order of Woodmen of the World and of the Crutti Verein. He was known generally as John Mattli and no workingman in this community was more loved by his fellow toilers than was good-natured John Mattli. He was the best of husbands and fathers, and while his pay was small, never exceeding \$12 per week, he was punctual in the payment of all his bills. Indeed, this was a matter of conscience with him. The evening before his death this patient, industrious toiler said to the writer: "I thank God I have a strong healthy body so I can work for my family," and alas! Before noon of next day that heroic man was still in death.

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Baden, South City, October 24, 1904.

Editor of the Enterprise.—I noticed in Saturday's edition of your paper that the Board of Supervisors had passed a law limiting the number of saloons in the county. This appears all right at first view. We could get along with two-thirds less of them without dying of thirst. Sacrifice the saloon, by all means, but spare the Constitution. But in this instance, the Board has made the latter its victim. There has been so much free campaign cigars and other refreshments strolling about lately that perhaps the poor Board got "jagged."

If that has been the case the Enterprise should sober it up and have it reconsider its butchery and restore its victim to its former supremacy.

The Enterprise professes to echo the sentiments of the Grand Old Party, which in the main are the preservation of the Constitution; and, if it allows this bold and brazen saloon monopoly to trample on the declaration of rights and the Constitution without a fight to a victory, it will prove that its but a sickly counterfeit, existing on borrowed reputation.

However, I hope better of your paper and that it will succeed in dethroning this latest monopoly and leave the county free to all investors in rum, rags or bottles, or whatever other legitimate business, without knuckling to Bacchus or any other dictator, but the true and Constitutional County Government.

Wishing the Constitution success and dismay to its opponents, I am, respectfully yours, SAN BRUNO.

MILLBRAE STORE SOLD.

The Millbrae store building and lot, commonly known as the LeCorne building, was sold on Saturday by Mrs. S. LeCorne to J. C. Robb, formerly of this city. The purchase price is not stated, but is supposed to be in the neighborhood of \$5000. Mr. Robb will stock up the store with a complete line of first-class groceries and provisions and give the people of Millbrae and vicinity a thoroughly up-to-date mercantile establishment. The property is on the most prominent corner of Millbrae and is considered a valuable holding.—Leader, San Mateo.

Reward.

A reward of \$5 will be paid for information leading to the detection of the person or persons who have been committing nuisances at Guild Hall.

The information will be treated as confidential and not divulged to the injury of the informer.

W. J. MARTIN.

BAND CONCERT AT SOUTH CITY.

On Saturday evening next there will be a grand concert and ball given in Armour Pavilion, South San Francisco, by the South San Francisco Band.

The band is one of the finest musical organizations on the coast and is under the able leadership of Prof. Wm. Forner. The event has long been looked forward to and will doubtless draw an immense attendance. The boys deserve liberal encouragement, as on the occasion of any charitable or church entertainment it has been its pleasure to turn out and lend its valuable assistance without charge of any kind. The people of the northern end of the county will be exceedingly well represented and it is hoped there will also be a large attendance from San Mateo and other towns in the neighborhood.—Leader, San Mateo.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

Notice is hereby given that the Assessment Books of the County of San Mateo (Real and Personal) for the fiscal year 1894, have been received and the taxes on all personal property secured by real property, and one-half of the taxes on all real property, are now due and payable, and will be delinquent on the LAST MONDAY IN NOVEMBER, 1894, at 6 o'clock p. m., and unless paid prior thereto, 15 per cent will be added to the amount thereof.

If the said first installment of said taxes be not paid before the LAST MONDAY IN APRIL, 1895, at 6 p. m., an additional 5 per cent will be added to the amount thereof.

I will be in attendance to receive taxes at the following times and places:

Friday, November 4th, 1 to 4 p. m.

E. E. Cunningham's office, South San Francisco.

Saturday, November 5th, 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.—Bell & Co.'s Store, Colma.

NOTICE!

For the accommodation of those having business with the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, its office in the Postoffice building will be open hereafter on Sundays between the hours of 4 and 5 o'clock p. m.

W. J. MARTIN, Land Agent.

San Mateo County Building and Loan Association.

Assets, \$178,000.00.

Loans made on the Ordinary or Definite Contract plans, paying out in from five to twelve years as may be desired, with privilege of partial or total repayment before maturity.

No ADVANCE PREMIUM or unnecessary expense.

GEO. W. LOVIE, Secretary, Redwood City, Cal.

OFFICE HOURS—1 to 4, and 6:30 to 7:30 p. m.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, San Mateo County, Cal. Residence, Martin Brick Block, Grand Avenue.

Beer & Ice

WHOLESALE

THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.

For the Celebrated Beers of the

Wieland, Fredericksburg,

United States, Chicago,

Willows and

South San Francisco.

BREWERIES

—AND—

THE UNION ICE CO.

Grand Avenue: SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

For further particulars inquire at.....

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—All classes of cattle offered freely, general market steady, with best grades steers firm, cows easier.

Sheep and Lambs—Desirable sheep and lambs not plentiful, meeting ready sales at strong prices.

Hogs—Offered freely, in good demand, market strong.

Provisions—Provisions are in fair demand.

Livestock—The quoted prices are \$10 per cent shrinkage on cattle, delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

Cattle—No. 1 grassfed Steers, 7½c;

2nd quality, 6½c@7c; Thin Steers, 5½c@6c;

No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 5½c; No. 2 Cows

and Heifers, 5c; third Quality, 4½c@5c.

Hogs—Hard, grain fed, 125 to 225 lbs,

4½c@4¾c; over 250 lbs, 4½c@4¾c;

round, undesirable hogs, 4½c@4¾c; hogs

weighing under 125 lbs, 4½c@4¾c.

Sheep—No. 1 Wethers, 3½c@3¾c; No. 1 Ewes, 2½c@3c; Suckling Lambs, 4@4½c per lb., live weight.

Calves—Under 250 lbs, alive, gross weight, 4½c@5c; over 250 lbs, 3½c@4c.

Fresh Meat—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

Beef—Market strong on good, heavy Steers; other grades Beef weak.—First

quality steers, 6½c@6¾c; second quality,

5½c@6c; third

THE DAYS GONE BY.

O the days gone by! O the days gone by!
The apples in the orchard, and the path-
way through the rye;
The chirrup of the robin, and the whistle
of the quail.
As he piped across the meadows sweet
as any nightingale;
When the bloom was on the clover, and
the blue was in the sky,
And my happy heart brimmed over—in
the days gone by.

In the days gone by, when my naked
feet were tripped
By the honeysuckle tangles where the
water lilies dipped,
And the ripples of the river lipped the
moss along the brink,
Where the placid-eyed and lazy-footed
cattle came to drink,
And the tilting snipe stood fearless of
the truant's wayward cry,
And the splashing of the swimmer, in the
days gone by.

O the days gone by! O the days gone by!
The music of the laughing lip, the luster
of the eye;
The childish faith in fairies, and Alad-
din's magic ring—
The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in
everything,
For life was like a story, holding neither
sob nor sigh,
In the golden, golden glory of the days
gone by.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

The Other Woman

Of course," said Polly, shoving her heel down into her skate with a little tramp and striking out over the ice like a bird learning to hop, "it was the fault of the other woman!"

We had been talking about the breaking off of Abbingdon Dare's engagement to the auburn-haired Downing girl, and of how Miss Downing had discovered the other flirtation by listening down the dumb waiter shaft.

"Of course," I agreed. "It is always the fault of the other woman."

Polly gurgled mirthfully and I thought satirically.

"Surely," I asked anxiously, "you do not blame the dumb waiter shaft?" I never saw a dumb waiter shaft with peroxide hair and a dimple in its chin."

Polly gave me a reproachful glance.

"And," I went on, "you certainly do not blame Miss Downing for breaking it off when she found out—"

"And, of course," broke in Polly. "I could not possibly blame—Abbingdon Dare, for instance."

"Won't you take hold of my hands, Polly? The ice is—er—very slippery."

For answer, Polly buried both her hands deep in her muff and continued to mope along in jerky little semicircles.

"And now," she went on, ignoring a brilliant pigeon wing I had cut for her benefit, "the auburn-haired Downing girl and the other girl don't speak."

"Then," said I, bringing up beside Polly with a flourish, "Miss Downing blames the other woman, too?"

Polly looked at me as though knowing things like that were the most natural thing in the world.

"Of course," she declared emphatically. "A woman always does blame the other woman. That is the funniest thing about it. She seems just as anxious to make a pack-horse for the masculine sins out of some other woman as the man himself. I suppose tomorrow that, if you held one hand over your heart and the other over the family Bible and took an oath of allegiance, and if the very next moment I detected you admiring a pretty face—"

"It would have to have a brown pompadour above it and a dimple in its left cheek," I declared, looking at Polly.

Polly blushed.

"Or saying nice things to another girl in the conservatory," she went on. "Everybody would expect me to blame the pretty face or the other girl. But I shouldn't!" and in her momentary excitement Polly forgot to be frightened, and almost did some real skating.

"Well," I grumbled, "why shouldn't you?"

"Because," said Polly, "it wouldn't be the girl who owed me allegiance."

"Then I suppose," I remarked, "that you approve of the fact that Miss Downing has cut Abbingdon Dare off irretrievably?"

"I would," said Polly, "if she had; but she hasn't. He'll only have to wait until the first burst of temper waves off and then come around with a pathetic story of how the other woman lured him—"

"And invited him to call."

"And fed him with flattery and lobster a Newburgh."

"And told him a sad little story of her past life."

"And actually pursued him to his office."

"And had her brother bring him up to dinner."

"And sent him pink notes—that he couldn't, in politeness, refuse to answer."

"Well, that's the way they do it," said I.

"Do—what?"

Polly had to wave her arms wildly to catch her balance.

"Polly," said I, "the moment a man becomes devotedly attached to some one girl all the other girls in her set begin to find him fascinating. I fancy it's something like setting a new style. If one of you wears a fur hat or a feather boa immediately all the rest of you buy fur hats and feather boas. If one of you finds a man worth while

all the rest of you step into line to see if you can't wrest him from her. Added to this fashion, the very fact that he is not attainable makes him all the more popular. That's a little twist in the feminine make-up, Polly, dear."

"Mr. Sylvester," said Polly—and the ice looked warm beside her voice—"I can skate quite as well if you do not hold my hand. An engaged man—or a married man, either," she continued, "is exactly like the little fox terrier who couldn't be made to come out of his house until they tied him up. Then he chewed up the rope and began romping around the back yard. The very moment a man feels the cords of an engagement or the bonds of matrimony binding him he wants to slip them off. Why, a man who would laugh at pink notes and snub the girl who pursued him with lobsters before marriage will succumb to them like a violet to the sun or an idle to the fire after matrimony. But I don't blame him!" declared Polly, trying to wriggle her hand away.

"Neither do I!" I agreed, enthusiastically, clasping the hand tighter than ever.

"I blame the woman," announced Polly.

"Which woman, Polly?" said I.

"The other woman?"

"Why, no," said Polly. "The other—that is, both of them. Now if they would only join hands—"

"What!" I exclaimed. "Two women?"

"And co-operate for the punishment and confusion of the man—"

"Polly Lee," I asked tragically, "would you undermine the whole social system? Why, co-operation between two women would be worse than the Servant Girls' Union. Ever since there have been two women and a man on earth there has been feminine warfare."

"And that," said Polly, "has been the cause of most of the masculine sins. It is always a case of woman against woman. You find it everywhere, from the nursery to the divorce court. When Bobby is a small boy he promises Marjorie and Gracie each his box of candy. When Marjorie and Gracie find out this perfidy, instead of uniting against him and taking it out of him, they begin pulling one another's hair and scratching at each other's eyes; and Bobby walks serenely off and gives the candy to little Mary Anne around the corner. When he grows up Bobby may have as many wives as Solomon, but when he is brought into court there are always half of them dying to send him to prison and the other half aching to take him back to their arms again, and all of them glaring daggers at each other—"

"And," I added, "there is always still another woman waiting round the corner with a heart full of sympathy."

"And such fascinations as peroxide hair."

"Is it absolutely necessary that the other woman have peroxide hair, Polly?" I inquired.

"Oh, that's a way with other women," said Polly.

"And yet," I remarked, gliding along meditatively, "I once knew—another woman—who didn't dye her hair."

Polly wriggled her hand out of mine and tucked it in her muff.

"It was—let me see—about the time I announced my engagement," I went on, reflectively.

Polly turned and struck out for the shore with a spurt of which I had not thought her capable.

"She was," I continued, "a girl in your set."

"I do believe the sun is going down, Mr. Sylvester," remarked Polly, slowing up perceptibly.

For reasons of my own I did not attempt to carry on the conversation. After a few moments' silence what I expected happened.

"Who," said Polly, faintly, "was the girl in my set?"

"Why, the other woman, of course," I replied. "She had hardly observed my existence before the day that my engagement was announced. The very next evening she asked her brother to invite me up to dinner."

I fancied Polly said something like "contemptible!" but I must have been mistaken.

"Of course you didn't go, Mr. Sylvester?" she remarked, aloud.

"I'm afraid I did," I confessed, ruefully. "You see, I didn't exactly understand things then, as I do since you and I have been engaged for some time. And the girl was very pretty and alluring—"

Polly gave a little gasp, and sped on.

"And," I continued, keeping beside her, "when she invited me for a sleighing party on the following night and named a nice girl—"

Polly stopped short in the middle of the ice.

"I accepted," I finished.

"You—went—Jack Sylvester?" Polly's voice would have been awful, if it had not threatened to be tearful.

"Oh, no," I answered quickly. "I didn't go. You see the snow melted next morning, and so she sent me around a little pink note to say that she would be at home, anyhow."

"I know whom you mean," said Polly, striking out for shore once more.

"It was that Edgerly girl—the one who rouges and wears such awful hats."

"Oh, no—not the Edgerly girl," I said, scornfully. "It was—"

"Then," declared Polly, "it must have been Alicia Brown. That's her only method of getting attention, Mr. Sylvester. She keeps a little list of eligible men on her dressing-table. Doubtless you are on the list. I think, though, it is rather detestable that her car came to a standstill, but she did not move."

"It's the next corner I want," she explained, in a clear voice, as a titter went around the car.

"When I asked you to stop at Thirty-ninth street you carried me to Fortleth, so I supposed if I signaled you for Forty-third you'd carry me to Forty-fourth."

"But you don't blame me, do you, Polly?"

"Not if it was Alicia Brown," said

Polly sarcastically. "You couldn't possibly have escaped her, Mr. Sylvester. No man could."

"But it wasn't Alicia," I explained. "As I knelt down to unfasten Polly's skates. 'It couldn't have been you, know—because, at that time, Alicia was my fiancee.'

"Clash! My skates, which Polly had been holding, fell with a clatter.

"And," I went on, ignoring the study in scarlet above me, "when you invited me to that dinner and I met you there in that gauzy, yellow thing you wore, and you smell of hyacinths and danced like a butterfly—"

"Jack," said Polly, "it's getting perfectly dark."

"And," I continued, "you simply wouldn't take a refusal for the sleighing party, you remember—"

"Mr. Sylvester," said Polly, "there isn't a soul left on the ice."

"And the little note you wrote me on scented paper was so very—"

"In a minute they'll be lighting the lamps," persisted Polly.

"Why, so they will," I remarked as I rose from the ice and flung my skates over my shoulder, "and," I continued, coming closer to Polly, "I have only a moment in which to—"

"Stop! Stop! cried Polly. "You're mussing my hair!"

"—kiss the other woman," I finished. —Travel.

SAFETY IN MOTOR'S NOISE.

If Perfectly Silent Automobiles Would Give People No Warning.

The opinion is commonly expressed that a decided improvement in motor vehicles would be gained if the noise of the motor could be reduced or suppressed altogether. The enormous number of small explosions which take place in the engine of the motor car or bicycle create a noise which is undoubtedly at all times offensive to the ear, but which is far worse when the chauffeur or rider is not a master of his engine, for then the explosions are often irregular. Rhythm makes even the noise of a motor less disagreeable to the ear than an ill-timed succession of reports.

It is debatable, however, whether, after all, it would be desirable to reduce the present loudly palpitating machine to an absolutely noiseless vehicle.

The noise of the engine in the present motor gives ample warning of its approach on the road, a warning which, considering the comparatively high speed oftentimes attained by the car, might be sounded by the horn too late. It is common on the highways to find coachmen who are driving restive horses on the alert long before the car comes up to them, warned by the distant sound of the regular beating of the engines.

A motor car proceeding, say, at twenty miles an hour in perfect silence would almost be certain to be a source of terror and disaster. Even in the case of the ordinary bicycle there is danger in its silence of action and when the noiseless rubber tires first came upon the scene a continuously jingling bell accompanied them. In the same way other rubber-tired vehicles carry a similar signal, although the clatter of the horses' hoofs upon the road conveys some sort of warning.

It is doubtful whether a bell continuously ringing on a motor car or bicycle can ever be as effective or timely a warning as the penetrating beat of the motor engine.

The shrieking whistle of an express train is often too late to enable danger to be avoided and it is appalling to think what would happen if an express were designed which could travel at the rate of sixty miles an hour without the slightest warning noise being given by its wheels rotating or by its intermittent escape of steam. The same holds good for motor vehicles, and though as it is they add to the dangers of locomotion on roads these dangers would be considerably accentuated if it were not for the perpetual and penetrating beat of the engine.

HOW SHE GOT EVEN.

A Woman's Method of Humbling a Conductor.

She was one of those women with a righteous look and firm chin.

"Please stop at Thirty-ninth street," she said to the conductor, as the car whizzed past Thirty-sixth.

At the next corner she rose, to be ready to alight, but the car did not slow up, the conductor being busy doing the hospitality of his car to a chance acquaintance. Before she could catch his eye and stop the car she had gone a block past her destination. She put her foot on the step, then drew it back and calmly sat down again. The conductor, his hand on the bell rope, waited, the picture of vigilant duty. She gazed straight ahead and made no sign. With a profane remark he jerked the rope and the car moved on.

Two blocks further she arose and caught his eye again. This time he managed to stop at the first corner.

But she apparently changed her mind and sank comfortably into her seat while an appreciative smile overspreads the faces of the passengers.

At the end of another two blocks she once more signaled to him to stop, and though he was bursting with wrath, a dozen pair of eyes were upon him, and he controlled himself. The car came to a standstill, but she did not move.

"It's the next corner I want," she explained, in a clear voice, as a titter went around the car.

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"It was that Edgerly girl—the one who rouges and wears such awful hats."

"Oh, no—not the Edgerly girl," I said, scornfully. "It was—"

"Then," declared Polly, "it must have been Alicia Brown. That's her only method of getting attention, Mr. Sylvester. She keeps a little list of eligible men on her dressing-table. Doubtless you are on the list. I think, though, it is rather detestable that her car came to a standstill, but she did not move."

"It's the next corner I want," she explained, in a clear voice, as a titter went around the car.</

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and seweried, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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